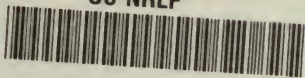


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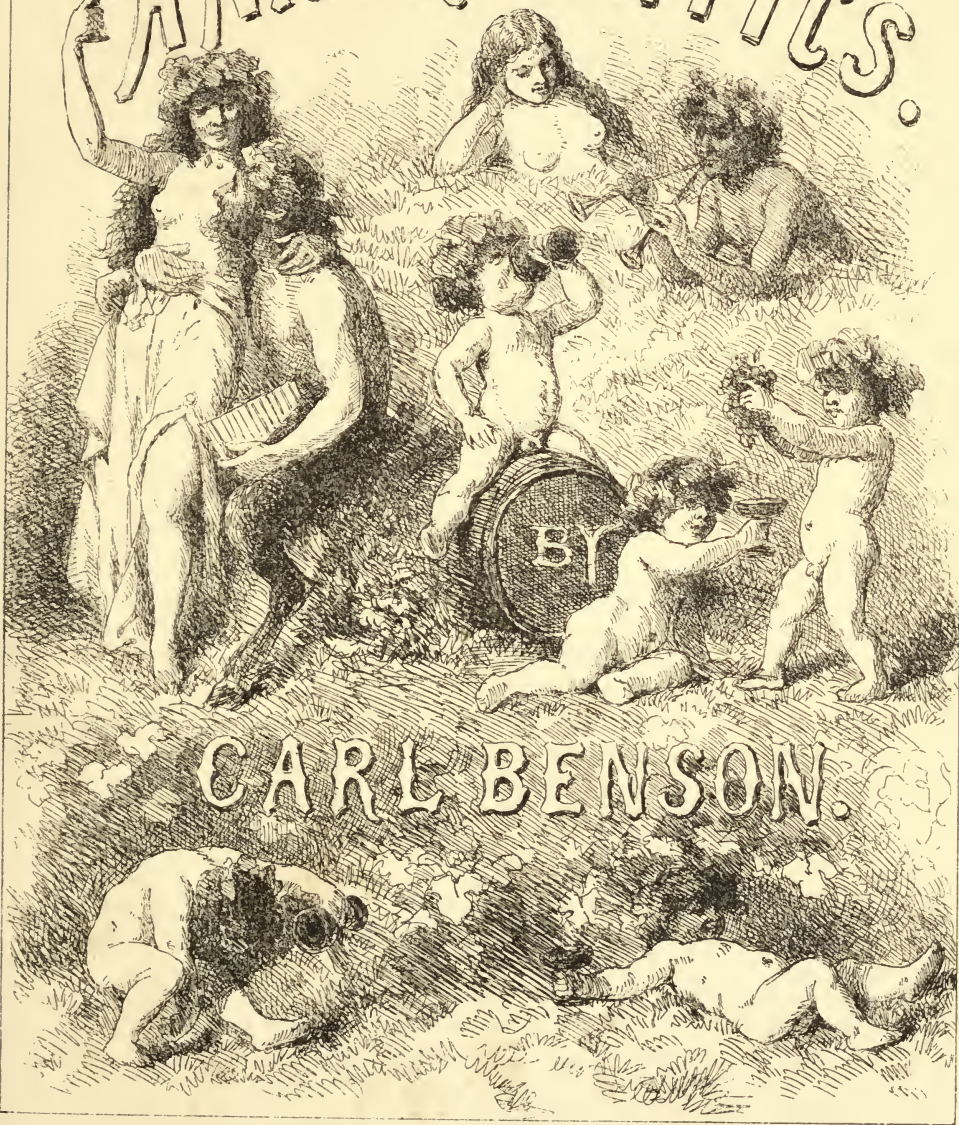
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ANACREONTICS

BY

CARL BENSON.

ANACREONTICS.



ANACREONTICS

BY

CARL BENSON

"Hans Breitmann preached a sermon and quoted vot Lutner said,
Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib und Gesang, is a shtrupid wooden-head.
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang and goes to de Tuyfel ven dead."

Hans Breitmann's Sermon.

NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED

1872

LOAN STACK

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ana
1872

SO MUCH OF THIS BOOK
AS HAS NOT BEEN ALREADY APPROPRIATED
TO OTHER GOOD MEN AND TRUE,
IS HEREBY DEDICATED
TO MY JOLLY FRIEND
HANS BREITMANN.

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THE DRINKER'S APOLOGY.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

COME now! If I drink, where's the crime?
Can you tell?

Look round us! All Nature is drinking as well.
The Earth drinks the dew, and the Sun, floating
free,

Stoops to drink of the wave from the cup of the
sea.

The tree, as he plunges his roots in the ground,
Through numberless mouths drinks the torrent
profound.

All drink — but man only, that Scion divine,

ANACREONTICS.

*While the others drink water, knows how to drink
wine ;*

And, measureless tippler, can boast, he alone,
Having once drunk enough, that he still can
drink on.

FORESTIER.

4 *SPECIMEN OF THE PUFF POETICAL.*

(1851.)

I HAVE a friend, one P. C. K——,
Who selleth the best of all Champagne.
Champagne wine is good, I wot,
Whether the weather be cold or hot;
When Boreas blows,
And you're almost froze,
From the tip of your nose
To the tips of your toes,
Then how your heart glows
As the beverage flows
That makes you see everything COULEUR DE ROSE:

ANACREONTICS.

Or in the dog-days,
When the sun's fierce rays
Set all in a blaze,
And your blood seems to boil,
And your butter turns oil,
And the freshest of chops and steaks will spoil,
And your face grows brown,
And your collars drop down,
And there isn't a soul that you know left in town,
Save in Wall street, where Brokers, by way of
preparing
For the *still hotter temperature* whither they're faring,
Keep shaving and cornering, bulling and bearing,
ing,
(If the Editor shrinks
From this stanza, and thinks
Such an insinuation might possibly stop all his

ANACREONTICS.

Circulation in this our commercial metropolis.
Why then he may just
Leave it out and be — blessed,
Or fill up with asterisks as he likes best)
And your poor tired muse
Beseechingly woos
The balmiest breezes of eve to come at her —
In short, under every stage of thermometer
All times and all seasons are good for Champagne,
Especially that of P. C. K.

Some years ago there was going on
A great deal of talk about *Du Brimont*
And after that again years a few
There was still more talk about *Cordon Bleu*
And 'tis now the fashion to talk about *Mumm*
(The very name says, in its praises be dumb)

ANACREONTICS.

And some about *Heidseck* will prate for a week (it
Might hide very long before I would seek it)
And your grave Bostonian so stately of pace,
With *second hand English* writ in his face,
Of whom you may say without any libel, he
Claims to be master of *omne scibile*
And in every thing to be men's guider
Will talk to you half an hour about *Schreider*;
At one time Bacchanals all confest
That *Brigham's Sillery* was the best,
It used to gladden me when I spied
His grape leaf gilt on a bottle's side
But *pallida mors* who lets none escape
Without leave stalked away with our grape;
And a very good fellow well known to me
Hangs out a wine that they call N. B.
If any one's cross or troubled with spleen, he

ANACREONTICS.

Will find it a capital *Nota bene*
But I'm sure there never was any Cham-
pagne
Like the Forestier brand of *P. C. K.*—

And I remember it happened to me
When I was a Cantab at Trinity;
A friend who lived in the land of the Gaul
Sent me some wine that was rather tall.
The name I was stupid enough to forget,
But the smack of the juice I remember yet.
'Twas a creamy wine of roseate hue
Like rubies dissolved in ambrosial dew,
And we brought in good fellows not a few
To carry a rich Symposium through.
Oh 'twas a goodly sight to see
The mirth of that revelling company!

ANACREONTICS.

The Celts that meet about the Park so notedly
irascible

So prominent in everything that's make-a-man-
jack-ass-able,

Could not have made more noise than we and
scarce have been more riotous ;

We got a going such a pace no mortal man
could quiet us ;

For one rose up and speechified and one sat
down and sang,

Another laughed the while he quaffed until the
old roof rang,

And one was quoting Addison, and one was
quoting Rabelais,

And one declaring Locksley Hall was by no
means a shabby lay

ANACREONTICS.

And one far gone, with something twixt a hic-
cup and a cough in his
Throat, lay along ejaculating scraps of Aristoph-
anes.

Now this was remarkably tall Champagne,

But nothing to that of P. C. K.—

And if you would know

Where you must go

To get the wine

That is so divine,

Whenever you feel like a fit of the blues

Take up your hat and put your shoes

(Or boots, as the case may be) on your feet,

And go down to 80 Beaver Street,

In there is the office of P. C. K——,

And there you will find the best Champagne.

THE PERTINACIOUS TOPER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I N coolest cellar here I rest,
Near a full cask of liquor,
Right glad at heart, since of the best
I for myself can pick here.
The butler puts the spigot in,
Obedient to my winking,
Gives me the cup; I hold it up,
I'm drinking, drinking, drinking!

A demon plagues me, thirst to wit,
And so, to scare the fellow,
I take my glass and into it

ANACREONTICS.

Let flow the Rhine-wine mellow.
The whole earth smiles upon me then,
With ruddy, rosy blinking;
I couldn't hurt the worst of men,
While drinking, drinking, drinking!

But ah! my thirst grows fiercer still
With every flask I ope here,
Which is th' inevitable ill
Of every genuine toper.
Yet this my comfort, when at last
From chair to floor I'm sinking,
I always kept my purpose fast
Of drinking, drinking, drinking!

THAT PUNCH!!!

(February 11, 1865.)

THEY who aspire to carry higher the standard art-ideal,

If circumspect, will not neglect some phases of the real;

And if you ask the bard to show by an example terse it, he

Appeals to what he used to know of Cambridge University;

Where, of the dainty feasters all, and supper-giving fellows,

ANACREONTICS.

There were none more æsthetical than Hallam
or than Ellis,*

'Tis thus, the logical may think to obviate all
strictures,

Our Johnston brews the best of drink, and buys
the best of pictures.

When Noah safely reached dry ground, he couldn't
bear a minute

To drink the flood that sinners drowned, with
all the sinners in it;

So, making for his weary crew a curious trans-
formation,

* Two good men and true, who have "gone to the majority" (*abierunt ad plures*). Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam was the second son of the historian; Robert Leslie Ellis, senior wrangler of his year, and one of the editors of Bacon. They were both worthy disciples of Brillat-Savarin, and Ellis had, moreover, a most un-English dexterity in dress.

ANACREONTICS.

A *current** from the *grape* he drew, a marvellous
libation ;

And tipping up his new-found wine grew more
and more ecstatical,

Until it forced him to recline in posture prob-
lematical.

Thus *No A's* drink became *no ease*, and brought
him to disaster,

While Johnston's liquor only frees our tongues
to talk the faster.

When Noah grew too old and staid to follow
out his mission,

* All the punlings are italicized, to prevent mistakes. Swinton of the *Times*, who is not easily permeable by the common domestic joke, once advised me to put my jests into Roman capitals, not considering them capital, but possibly intimating that they were *rum-uns*.

ANACREONTICS.

Young Bacchus started in the trade, and set up
opposition ;

He gave his foes no end of fits, and gave his
friends their wishes,

Made women tear their king to bits, and turned
men into fishes ;

Raised Ariadne to the skies, and 'verted* all the
East,

But Johnston's doings more surprise the sharers
of his feast.

He turned us all to demi-gods with such a
punch as this,

And took us up, with a loving cup, to the
seventh heaven of bliss.

* When an individual "renounces the errors" of one church and "adopts those" of another, it is now polite English to call him a 'vert (without *con* or *pro*), so as not to offend either the sect he is 'verted from, or the sect he is 'verted to. *Quære*, whether vert, in this sense, has any connection with the French word for green. "Apology" Newman thinks it hasn't.

ANACREONTICS.

Dame Helen, when her husband brave hung out
to young Telemachus,*

Nepenthe to the party gave, (by no means unto
them a cus.)

A word which Wilkes† mistook one week, and
thought it was the same as is

A different word in Heathen Greek, no more
nor less than Nemesis.

It conquered wrath and grief so quick, that, after
tasting it,

An alderman you couldn't kick or cry at Har-
per's wit,

No better brew was e'er displayed at any classic
lunches,

* See *Odyssey*, book iv., 219-30.

† Not '45 John but 2' 40" George. A man of great courage, who sometimes makes desperate raids into foreign tongues with such success as that recorded above.

ANACREONTICS.

But the punch that J. T. Johnston made was
the punch of all the punches.

The great Panurge went under ground,* so says
his curious story,

And there a wondrous sign he found, St. Bottle
in his glory,

It stirred his mighty wits to song, a song which
I'm afraid is

A bit too broad, though none too long, to sing
before the ladies.

There was a better oracle for Johnston's con-
gregation,

For it required no priest to tell a word of ex-
planation;†

* See Rabelais, book v., ch. 44-5.

† As the priest Bacbuc was required to explain the oracle of the Holy Bottle. By the way, St. Bottles has a church to this day in Cambridge (England). The name is sometimes erroneously written Botulph's.

ANACREONTICS.

Champagne and hock, and oranges, Bohemian
crystal crowning,
Are very explicit, I guess, and not at all like
Browning.

See, see, around that brimming bowl's concomit-
ant utensils

How gather all the goodly souls immortal in
their pencils !

E. L. is holding forth to Hays, and serious as a
quaker, he

Is throwing *light, sir*, on the days of ornamental
drapery.

There's Eastman J. and Haseltine, a looking at
a Venus,*

* Now I think on't, 'twas a Diana. But as she was in the
usual costume of a Venus, it comes to the same thing, so I let
the couplet stand.

ANACREONTICS.

And Beard, the glass his lips between, has visions of Silenus.

While Benson* for an essay smart is seeking inspiration,

Stone mingles science with his art, and takes an observation.†

There's Bierstadt, recreant to his name, does what he "hadn't oughter,"

Though canvas gives him all his fame, he really *paints on water*.

He passes by the ruby brink, the aggravating creature,

* The real Benson, not the pseudo ; Eugene not Carl. He is well known as an art critic, also as the depicter of a young lady in various costumes and attitudes. Wherefore it was said by an irreverent person that Benson would be the fittest man to paint the recent peace conference, because he was accustomed to represent *d—m sels*.

† "With a glass operated on by means of a bottle." See Orpheus C. Kerr.

ANACREONTICS.

And C. B. couldn't make him drink, no more
than Stone could Beecher.*

Brevoort has left his cloudy skies, Suydam his
streams and shores,

And little Lang one dimly spies, as through the
crowd he bores.

Says Gray to Hicks, "I'm fain to think there is
a slight omission,

We ought to have, with such a drink, some
glowing blondes of Titian."

There's Rossiter, whose brilliant hues in old
time would allure all eyes,

* The story goes that Stone, being at the Ateneum one night, approached the punch bowl as his wont is, and distributed of the same to the passers-by. Now, of these passers chanced to be Henry Ward Beecher, and it was Beecher's boast that no one ever dared to offer him a glass of liquor. Therefore, on being thus accosted by Stone, he felt that he had lost his aquarian virginity, and rushed frantically from the premises, and *mirabile dictu*, was not seen or heard of in public for the next twelve hours.

ANACREONTICS.

Now seems to stand in other shoes, he's been
so long to ruralize.

He boasts the charm the country yields, and
tells us what the hens ate,

While Cranch the ladle deftly wields, and fills a
glass for Kensett.

If *ars, celare artem* be, their worth is undenied,
For this artistic draught you see how rapidly
they hide.

But one has left us in the lurch—and should
we deem this hap ill?

No! Johnston wouldn't have a Church; he couldn't
use a *chap ill*.

So one glass round before we start to toast the
new Mæcenæ,

Who illustrates the *spread* of art, in every style
and genus.

ANACREONTICS.

Let's all, whate'er our creed or cause, both Or-
thodox and Arians,

Join in this damnatory clause, Jeff Davis take
aquarians !

For Greeley shall stop talking trash, and Bennett
shall stop lying ;

And Seward shall do something rash, and Hop-
pin set us crying,

And Sala grow respectable and — — — cease
to bore us,

And Bayard Taylor cease to tell his elephantine
stories,*

Before a man of us forgets this day and all its
glories.

* Elephantine—of, or *relating to the elephant*, also *enormous*,
prodigious, *colossal*. It is here used in both senses.

ANACREONTICS.

I am lying, Johnston, lying—so I cannot walk
to thee,

To the glorious punchifying, where the merry
fellows be ;

Where the painters all are tippling the most
picturesque of punches ;

In its gentle eddy rippling through the jolliest
of lunches ;

Where those tales of Bayard Taylor's with Herod-
otus compete,

And Cranch will sing the Sailors who their
comrade tried to eat.

How I wonder what you fellows think or speak
of me to-day !

Will it worry Dr. Bellows if Carl Benson is
away,

ANACREONTICS.

Will it make Dick Hunt less jolly, render Bier-
stadt's speech more slow,

Will our Jack look melancholy 'cause his cousin
cannot show ?

Will Leutze say "poor fellow!" how I wish we
had him here?"

Or the eye of Beard grow mellow with a sym-
pathetic tear ?

Eugene Benson's up the country, to enjoy what
he calls Spring,

Though I think it great effront'ry here to speak
of such a thing,

We have got no Spring (poor devils) in this
wretched Western clime,

When the Summer's hottest revels follow close
on Winter's rime ;

ANACREONTICS.

If we had a Spring like Europe, I should not
be on my back,
With exceedingly obscure hope of soon getting
up, alack!

Ancient Greeks and Romans uséd at their ban-
quets to recline ;
And the fashion then amuséd; but their taste is
nowise mine ;
And I've heard that Fanny Kemble lay upon
her back at sea,
And made all the stewards tremble by her
orders for her tea ;
But this feeding on your back—'tis for me a
stupid way,
Rather than make it a practice, I'd read Tit-
comb every day.

ANACREONTICS.

Oh, ye happy men with two legs, when the
luscious bowl ye share,

Since I cannot get me new legs, think I am in
spirit there!

And if any High art lover, to his Mistress crown
the brim,

Let my aspirations hover round and hallow it
for him.

[I caught this last idea from a party named
Tom Moore,

Who is sometimes rather freer than the parsons
can endure.]

LAGER.

(1866.)

WE started for the Mountain,
Fanny and Jack and I;
The rising day was fresh and gay;
The horses seemed to fly.
I felt myself alive again,
And put my hand on Charley's mane,
A little ditch to try.

As we went up the Mountain,
Fanny and Jack and I,
We had to go extremely slow
To get so very high,

ANACREONTICS.

Which seemed a sort of paradox,
As we pushed scrambling through the rocks,
Until the top was nigh.

When we were on the Mountain,
Fanny and Jack and I,
And such a view as there are few
Beneath our feet did lie,
With hill and dale on either hand,
We thought it very, very grand—
Said some one “but its dry.”

We looked at one another,
Fanny and Jack and I,
As if to ask “who has a flask?”
But there was no reply.
Quoth Jack, “If this were Deutschland here

ANACREONTICS.

There would be certainty of beer,
But now I none can spy.

As we went down the Mountain,
Fanny and Jack and I,
We laughed and skipped and slid and slipped
While half the morn went by;
And all our faces glowed like fire,
For still the sun was mounting higher
Along the clear, blue sky.

When we were down the Mountain,
Fanny and Jack and I,
The sun shone out, no clouds about;
O Bacchus! Weren't we dry!
We galloped swiftly to our door
And brought some bottles to the fore,

ANACREONTICS.

(Or to the three, for want of more)

And made the Lager fly.

And as we drank that Lager,

Fanny and Jack and I,

It quenched the fire and cured the tire,

And made us wondrous spry.

We uttered many a fearful pun,

The woods resounded with our fun,

And Echo laughed reply.

MORAL.

Wer liebt nicht Weib und Lager,

Whenever the chance comes by,

He is a great goose and not of much use,

And just as well may die,

And when you go on a Summer ride,



ANACREONTICS.

Not knowing what may else betide,

Lay in a good supply.

GERACE ROSSO.

(November, 13, 1869.)

THREE little bottles came by express ;
Two were stolen,* so there were two less.
We drank the last one of of the three
In a merry, merry company.

Two for the pencil and one for the pen,
One for the nightingale's throat, and then
One who pours (as Jenkins says)
Her soul on the keys whene'er she plays,
What shall we say of the last? That she
Is just as good as she can be.

* Namely, by the expressmen, a catastrophe not uncommon in our corporation-ridden country.

ANACREONTICS.

Our Western bard so learned and neat,
And mellow and sweet,
And brimming over with quaint conceit,
Who has sung us lays of every land,
On every theme from the light to the grand,
Wishing well to me and mine,
Sends me this Sicilian wine.

Nine-and-twenty years ago,
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,*
Passing delicate stems about,
Poured this wine for HAWTHORNE out.
Carl Benson, (How we apples swim!)
To finish the flask assisted him.

* It is to be hoped that the reader will appreciate the simple beauty of this couplet. The author considers it nearly up to Tupper and a long way ahead of Dr. Holland.

ANACREONTICS.

Nine-and-twenty years have passed,
Joy and sorrow, sun and rain;
Now this prince of good-and-Long-fellows
Sends me some of his wine again.

Oedenburger is very good hock,
And goes with oysters very well;
Let no man at dry Sillery mock,
Or say that Ofner is a sell.
(One for the soup and one for the fish;
Every bottle to its dish.)
These we have, and ask no more,
When the guests are six, than bottles four.
So, as the crowning cup of the feast,
Gerace Rosso comes, last, not least.
He shall have the latest word;
He shall wait on our country's bird,

ANACREONTICS.

Our country's bird, our glory and pride,
Renowned and honored far and wide.
(I don't mean the eagle, so often stuck
Into useless verse, but the canvas-back duck.)

He speaks to the rest of joy and gladness ;
He speaks to me of beauty and madness,*
Checquered thoughts he brings to me,
That fervent wine of Sicily.

"When the wine is in the wit is out."
The ancient saying is true no doubt.
(Not in the sense that those would read,
Perverted by aquarian creed;)
For if a man has any wit,

* Countess Gerace was a beautiful woman. Her cousin, the Duke of Terranova, took to politics late in life and went mad.

ANACREONTICS.

Good liquor takes good hold of it,
And brings it out in proper place,
The festive board to grace.
This hath been said in various shapes ;
Better by none than shrewd DeMapes—

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna

Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna.

“The lantern of the intellect is lighted by the
cup,
The spirit soaked in nectar to Olympus mounteth
up.”

But what that day

We were moved to say,

I cannot, cannot tell,

Not I—although

We were far from slow,

And talked uncommonly well ;

ANACREONTICS.

For repartee, and pun, and laughter
Were carried away by what came after;
And all the evening dissolved for me
In a stream of *molten* melody,

That floats

In notes,

Out-rolled

Like liquid gold.

That gushing strain, so sweet and clear,
Moves a heart of stone to hear,
“Riqui, Riqui, Riqui, Riqui.”

When the mocking bird can speak, he
Talks just so,
I know.

ÆDENBURG.

(May 19, 1870.)

These verses were partly suggested by some twaddle of Dr. Holland's
in "SCRIBNER."

I.

THIS, with name recalling Eden,
Doth its kindred wines exceed in
Delicate bouquet.
Lucky artist pair who found it,
And as king of tipples crowned it,
On a happy day.

II.

Six months ago
We were here just so;

ANACREONTICS.

Three merry, merry men are we,
One on the canvass and one on the turf,
And Jack hard up a tree ;
But very, very little seeks he
If the purse be on the wane,
So the girls are here again,
And the good wine sparkling free.

III.

Hence, avaunt ! 'tis holy ground,
Let no Greeley lurk around,
Or Frothingham or Beecher,
Or any other such creature
As an "affinity" preacher,
Or Cady coarse with double tongue,
Harping upon woman's wrong.
Woman's right is here to-night,

ANACREONTICS.

And the right women too ;
Women by travel and study enlightened,
Who know what's what and who's who ;
Women who are not too easily frightened,
Whatever you say or do ;
With whom you may joke and tipple and
smoke ;
They are up to it all, as well as you.

IV.

But one of our six
Jovial bricks,
(Brick, you know, is an epicene noun)
Warbles no more to a listening town.
Far, far over the sea,
In a gush of melody,
Our sweet singing bird has flown.

ANACREONTICS.

So we must lean on a reed,
(A pretty stout one indeed,)
To make up for her that's gone.

V.

Ἀντὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος

Καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο

When the guests had eaten their fill,
And drunk as much as they meant to,

Το βακχικόν δώρημα

They lit, in social expansion,

Κάπνισσαν κατὰ κλισίας

And raised a smoke in the mansion,

VI.

Then you should have seen her, the pride of
our girls,

ANACREONTICS.

The way she cast back the long sweep of her
curls!

Th' above panegyric is borrowed from Whittier.
Perhaps, when you read, you are ready to pity
her,

For being so far behind or outside
The fashion, since rarely a maid is descried
Who will let her hair loose in long curls now-a-
days.

If she wanders in fashion's mysterious ways,
She bunches it up in some curious maze.
So I hasten to tell you at once (without joke)
The curls that I speak of were ringlets of
smoke,

ANACREONTICS.

VII.

Look at her! Hear her! *Worship* her there!
As she sits at her ease in a soft arm-chair,
Between the puffs of her light cigarette
Tossing out melody, jet after jet,
 And the hearers are all agreed
No tones that are touched from a harp with
 man's fingers,
(*Vide* Swinburne) can vie with the music that
 lingers,
When blown through girl's mouth by a reed,
 And all of us swore as we heard
 That her singing was truly divine,
And that all the more our hearts she stirred
 Because of that wonderful wine.

ANACREONTICS.

MORAL.

Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Reads Greeley and Holland his whole life long.

ANACREONTICS.

WINE AND WISDOM.

(FROM THE PERSIAN.)

THE wise man drinketh well, I wis,
In late or early walking,
The old wine in his cellar is,
The new wit in his talking;
For if you us of one deprive,
The other hardly will survive,
They stand or fall together.

The deeper down we dip in wine,
The more our spirits raise us,
When wisdom's beard can drip in wine,
Then all the world surveys us:

ANACREONTICS.

In ecstasy surrounding us,
With threefold transport rapturous,
Of wine and song and loving.

The wise man with his cup you see
Above the vulgar standing,
As mountains looming up you see,
The vale below commanding;
The mountain shines in heaven's light,
Our faces beam with clearer sight,
Illumined by the goblet.

What is it Cato proffers us
Instead of our good living?
Than joys a revel offers us,
What better is he giving?
One thing I know—not *he* forsooth!

ANACREONTICS.

If Clara in her blooming youth
Were teasing me with kisses.

Since life is short and care is long,
This aim the wise can boast of,
The time that will not spare us long,
We mean to make the most of;
Then drop your scruples, youngster do!
Come up here to our jolly crew,
Like sunlight on the mountain.

HOCHHEIMER.

IS there anything much sublimer
Than a jolly good glass of Hochheimer?
Of Bordeaux I always shall speak in terms of
praise
(How nicely it and salmon go together!),
And it never is in vain to offer me Champagne,
However hot or cold be the weather,
Though I own I do not care a speech in Con-
gress for Madeira,
While Sol is at his present intensity;
Pale Sherry, put in ice, for a glass or two, is
nice—
Though Robeson says it is a proof of density
In mortal, young or old, to drink his sherry cold,

ANACREONTICS.

But I do not submit to his authority;
And punches—let me see—I know one, two and
three,*
But *don't* know which should have the pri-
ority,
But just now, of all the tipples that inspire a
lively rhymers,
I own a special preference for '68 Hochheimer.

Well the French might want the Rhine,
Where they raise this lovely wine !
Well the Germans might be stout
In such a cause to fight it out !
And candid men have aye confessed
Poets, whose wine is good, are best.

* *Davis, Mæcnas* and *La Reine*,
Try them all, and try back again.

ANACREONTICS.

There is a great way from A. de Musset
To the gorgeous bard of Weimar;
The one for his nip *absinthe* did sip,
The other drank Hochheimer.

Would you know *how* to drink this wine?
Tell your man before you dine
(Or if you have a Phyllis, tell her)
To bring the bottle from the cellar,
As straight as he (or she) is able,
The moment ere you go to table;
That's the proper way to drink it;
Iceing doesn't pay ; don't think it.

For a swell man like you, a swell goblet will do
To pass the rich draught to your throttle;
For a big-bellied glass (sure as Dow is an ass)

ANACREONTICS.

Is the mate to your long-throated bottle.
And the curve of the lip adds a zest to your sip
(Like the cream on a strawberry pottle),
But after your meat you must eat nothing sweet ;
Then I bet you don't stir from the spot till
Perforce you stop at the last, last drop, like a
true Parnassus climber,
And leave a very empty flask that held the brave
Hochheimer.

PUNCH SONG.

(This song is not after Horace,
But a later poet, Morris.)

NEAR the white-topped almond cake,
Love, be jolly for my sake;
Pass the goblets round with care,
Pledge me in this beverage rare.
Pledge me, Love! for who knowéth
What thing after punch cométh?

Shall we mourn an empty bowl,
Or set sorrow on our soul?
Mellowed by this golden cup

ANACREONTICS.

Wilt thou weep sweet drinks drunk up?

Pledge me, Love! for who knowéth

What thing after punch cométh?

RAUZAN MARGAUX.

TO GEORGE W. CURTIS.

(Easter Sunday, 1872.)

I.

O SAGE sentiment and sober!

O grave Malatromba of ours!

Come, cease to look stiff as a crowbar!

Come, strew your life's pathway with flowers!

But waste no bad claret your cash on;

For here is a brand you don't know;

'Tis only just coming in fashion;

They call it the *Rauzan Margaux*!

ANACREONTICS.

II.

So drop all your carpers and sharpers,
And let Civil Service go hang!
Leave "Justice" to lie for the Harpers;
Leave Forney the bolters to bang.
A truce to satirical pennings
At Fenton and Greeley & Co.,
Leave Schurz to be buttoned by Jennings;
You tackle this Rauzan Margaux!

III.

Rich velvet is lovely when sinking
Down a fair woman's back in a mass;
But velvet is better for drinking,
When you conjure it into a glass.
Once show it the road to your palate,
It glides with perennial flow,

ANACREONTICS.

And a touch that is sure to enthrall it—

This soft-stepping *Rauzan Margaux*.

IV.

And the blood of the grape as it lingers

Through ruddy and readiest lips,

Shall strike, like a song of sweet singers,

To the soul of the sitter who sips,

Till we rival the toppers of story,

Till we spurn all the dull and the slow,

And our thoughts stalk abroad in their glory,

Inspired by the *Rauzan Margaux*.

V.

For the soul of the Frenchman is in it;

This wine is a true child of Gaul;

It lifts up your heart like a linnet

ANACREONTICS.

To talk with the best of them all.
They say that the brook is but shallow—
The stream is pellucid, we know,
And rich recollections shall hallow
The stream of the *Rauzan Margaux*.

VI.

With every fresh glass they come clearer,
The scintillant sayings that shine,
The chaff that provokes not the hearer,
The wit that comes out with the wine,
The repartees' dexterous dashes,
The sparkles of spirit that glow,
(No truculent satire that lashes,)
These rise from the *Rauzan Margaux*.

ANACREONTICS.

VII.

But, alas! for our joys evanescent,
Our perishing home of a day!
Too soon flies the pleasantest present,
The fairest of flow'rets decay;
And fate, with sardonical banter,
Makes jest at the glass that is low—
We have finished our second decanter,
And drunk all the Rauzan Margaux.

STEIN WEIN.

*To Sam Ward, OUR Sam Ward; the only original. All others, whether
with middle names or not, are impostors.*

WHY should this wine, so full and fine, be
called a wine of stone?

Can any sage explain me this? Has any mortal
known?

Is it because the luscious draught a stony heart
would move,

And make the miser generous and the misan-
thrope love?

Or is it that it gives the force and overpower-
ing might

ANACREONTICS.

Which makes the *Deutscher*, like a rock, stand
through the thickest fight?

Or call we it a precious stone, a very gem of
drink,

A jewel bright in dusky case when glasses gaily
clink?

Come, work it out by algebra, you all-accom-
plished man.

Or rhyme it out in goodly verse, if rhyme it out
you can.

Or play it in a symphony of solemn swelling
sound,

Or in the dozen tongues you speak the mystery
expound,

We will not quarrel with the name, whatever
first it meant,

ANACREONTICS.

But only think, as the wine we drink, 'tis worthy
him who sent.

Encomium more exquisite could hardly be de-
vised

Though one should take a week to tell how
much the gift is prized.

And if my verse seem all too bad your good
wine to repay,

I did the same to Longfellow. What is there
more to say?

*THE SONS OF THE SORROWFUL, OR
THE LIQUOR LICENSE.*

A majority of the cities and towns of Massachusetts voted yesterday to license the sale of cider and beer.—*Morning papers.*

I MET a gaunt Aquarian,
His nose was long and blue;
He looked so bad, that watery cad,
'Twas painful him to view;
Adown his face there rolled apace
A salt and bitter tear;
“Alas!” he cried (and sore he sighed),
“They’ve licensed cider and beer!

“We thought we’d drawn our leading-strings
Around the state so tight,



ANACREONTICS.

Cold water on its healing wings
Would put all foes to flight.
No drop of aught that's good to drink
Should in the land appear,
But now—it makes my spirits sink—
They've licensed cider and beer!

“The deed is done—I plainly
That we shall backwards go,
And follow men like Agassiz,
And men like Longfellow;
And after Fiske our heads will frisk
‘Till daylight doth appear.’
Some fiend has brought our work to naught
And licensed cider and beer!

“The goodly time was coming fast
When malt should be a sin;

ANACREONTICS.

When we could shut Hans Breitmann up,
And cage Gambrinus in ;
When wine should be a felony,
And meet a doom severe ;
They've stultified our hope and pride ;
They've licensed cider and beer !

“ If children ill of typhoid lie,
Let ‘willing angels’ take ‘em ;
’Twere better far they all should die
Than brandy sound should make ‘em.
Let nursing mothers faint and droop
For want of spiritual cheer—
But ah ! I dream ; they’ve spoiled our scheme ;
They’ve licensed cider and beer !

“ What will befall our wicked State,
That hath backslided thus ?

ANACREONTICS.

What awful doom will cruel fate

Inflict upon poor us?

Say, shall we see great General B.

Our Governor next year?

Or greater curse, if any's worse?

They've licensed cider and beer!"

His voice grew faint, he slunk away,

His nose seemed lengthening out;

His coat-tails flapped in disarray,

Like shirt of Dicky Dout;

But on the wind he cast behind

His plaint in accents drear,

"Woe to the Hub! O Beelzebub!

They've licensed cider and beer!

AD FONTIUM NYMPHAS.

(AFTER HERRICK.)

O LATICE ex illâ si jam mihi virgine lympa
Candida tendatur candidiore manu!

Protinus, hoc facto, pateram circumque superque

Lilia conspiciam florida vere suo,

Aut tandem hoc, Nymphae, mihi cedite saepe
precanti;

Pocula tam dulci tangite clara labro,

Et, simul ac vestris aqua sit conjuncta labellis,

Flumine mutato rebor adesse merum.*

* Aquarians will please not translate this word *mere rum*.

ANNAE CONCUBITUS.

(Poetae Scoti carmen celeberrimi Latinè redditum.)

HESTERNA laticis cyathus mihi nocte Falerni
Fallebat spumans, tutus eratque locus ;
Hesternâ, memini, carissima nocte capillos
In nostro flavos straverat Anna sinu.
Ah, loti ramo desertis exul arenis
Gaudeat aspecto, quâ domet ille famem ;
Ast Annae haerebam mellito laetus in ore ;
Gaudia quam fuerint ista secunda meis !
Omnia longinquo, reges, teneatis ab Indo
Usque ad ubi Hesperiiis extat Atlantis aquis.
Fervidus at dominae teneam mollissima membra,
Languidaque amplexu cincta sit Anna meo !

ANACREONTICS.

Delicias magnorum ergo nil inde morabor,
Posthabita Eoi regis et uxor erit,
Dummodo languescens, ulnis circumdatus Annae,
Divinas reddam suscipiamque vices.
Jam malè resplendens subducas lumen Apollo,
Et tua subducat candida, Phœbe, soror!
Parvula ne radios conspergat stella micantes!
Ociùs, egrediens, ociùs, Anna veni!
Jamque adeas, nigris O Nox quae niteris alis,
Et valeant Phœbus, sidera, Luna, precor!
Tu calamum afflatu divino tange poetæ,
Divina ut narret gaudia quanta tulit!



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